

COWBOY WESTERN  
presents  
No. 61  
WILD BILL HICKOK

COWBOY WESTERN

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE

CA  
AUTHORITY

# Wild Bill Hickok and JINGLES

10¢

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SHOW







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My Pal!

Win  
\$100

as I  
just  
did!

YOU CAN  
WIN  
a BIG 15"  
SILVER CUP  
as I just did!  
with your  
NAME  
engraved  
on it!



JIM NORMAN

**AFTER**

He Mailed Coupon  
Below is Cleveland

**BEFORE**

He Mailed Coupon



90 lb.  
Skeleton

He says,  
I gained  
70 lbs.  
of  
mighty  
muscle

Mail the  
"ALL  
FREE"  
coupon  
get this  
"AMAZING  
SECRETS"  
Photo Book

You'll LOOK, FEEL,  
ACT, like A Real  
HE-MAN! Win Women  
and Men Friends.  
Win in Sports!  
Win Promotion,  
Praise, Popularity.

This BOOK will also show you HOW YOU  
CAN WIN \$100.00 and a BIG 15" tall  
SILVER TROPHY (Your Name On It)

Stop being a **SKINNY** Weakling like I was  
IN 10 MINUTES of FUN A DAY YOU CAN DO ALL I DID  
**GAIN 25 lbs.** of **HANDSOME**  
**POWER-PACKED MUSCLES** all over!  
**IMPROVE YOUR HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%**  
**WIN NEW STRENGTH**

**WIN NEW POPULARITY**

for money-making work!  
for WINNING at all SPORTS!

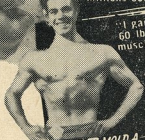
Win NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS  
NEW CHANCES for BUSINESS SUCCESS

BEFORE

How did I do ALL This? I  
mailed the Coupon and got  
These **5** PICTURE-PACKED  
HE-MAN COURSES

Which YOU can NOW get FREE

BEFORE \$1 PRICE GOES BACK  
Millions Sold for \$1



"I gained  
60 lbs. of  
muscles."

says  
John  
Sill

HOW TO MOLD A  
**MIGHTY CHEST**

By GEORGE F. JOWETT

"I added  
7 inches to  
my  
CHEST  
3 inches to  
each  
ARM..."  
says  
Jobbie  
Jackson

HOW TO MOLD A  
**MIGHTY ARM**

By GEORGE F. JOWETT

HOW TO MOLD A  
**MIGHTY BACK**

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HOW TO MOLD A  
**MIGHTY GRIP**

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HOW TO MOLD  
**MIGHTY LEGS**

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HOW TO WIN  
MUSCLES LIKE IRON  
NERVES OF STEEL  
WOMEN'S DEVIOT  
EXPERT TIPS  
YOU CAN WIN  
ON-A-ROUND  
HE-MAN!  
ALL-AMERICAN  
HE-MAN!  
10 MINUTES A DAY  
IN YOUR HOME  
PHOTO BOOK

GET  
ALL 5  
FREE

1

2

3

4

5

"I'm  
PROUD  
to be  
seen  
with  
Jim  
NOW!  
Every-  
body  
admires  
his build," says Nellie.  
"Jim can lift the front  
of a 2700 lb. car.  
He amazes his friends!"

You'll be  
A Real  
ATHLETE  
in ALL  
SPORTS  
Soon  
after  
YOU  
mail  
Coupon.

Jim is a WINNER  
in ALL SPORTS NOW.  
YOU will be, too, soon.

COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me  
**10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY**  
in YOUR OWN HOME like Jim did  
and I'll give YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY  
for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby  
you are I'll make you OVER by the  
SAME method I turned myself from a  
wreck to the strongest of the strong.  
Why can't I do for you what I did for  
MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows  
like you?

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES  
Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY  
MUSCLE added to your ARMS and  
CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERS  
broadened. From head to heels you'll  
gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be A  
WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle.

"Congratulations,  
John! At last you  
mailed the coupon  
as EVERY MAN  
should. Soon YOU'll  
be as big and strong  
as I am,"  
says Jim Norman  
to John Luckus

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COWBOY WESTERN

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# COWBOY WESTERN



THIS SEAL OF APPROVAL APPEARS ONLY ON COMIC MAGAZINES WHICH HAVE BEEN CAREFULLY REVIEWED, PRIOR TO PUBLICATION, BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY, AND FOUND TO HAVE MET THE HIGH STANDARDS OF MORALITY AND GOOD TASTE REQUIRED BY THE CODE. THE CODE AUTHORITY OPERATES APART FROM ANY INDIVIDUAL PUBLISHER AND EXERCISES INDEPENDENT JUDGMENT WITH RESPECT TO CODE-COMPLIANCE. A COMIC MAGAZINE BEARING ITS SEAL IS YOUR ASSURANCE OF GOOD READING AND PICTORIAL MATTER.

*Alfred P. Slagle* Executive Editor

## Wild Bill Hickok AND Jingles in THE CROOKED WHEEL

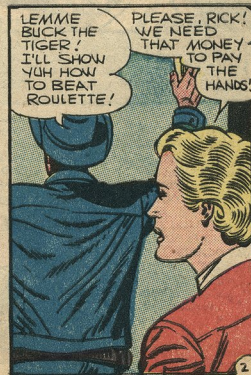
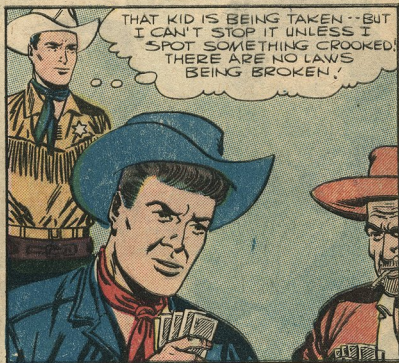


MOUNTING PUBLIC ANGER FORCED THE GAMBLING SYNDICATE WHICH RAN THE TOWN TO HIRE A TOP LAWMAN! THEY COULD WELL AFFORD THE BEST... AND THE BEST WAS WILD BILL HICKOK...





# COWBOY WESTERN





# COWBOY WESTERN



IN ROULETTE THE HOUSE HAS A SMALL PERCENTAGE IN ITS FAVOR... BUT THE KID'S MONEY DISAPPEARED FASTER THAN ANY PERCENTAGE COULD EVER TAKE...

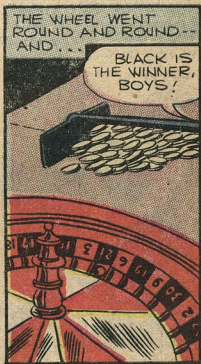




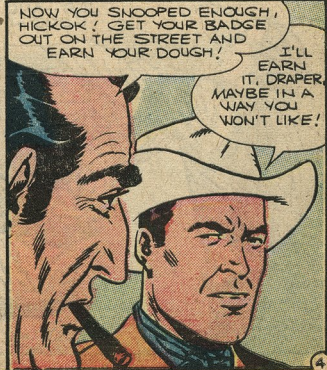
# COWBOY WESTERN



THE FAMOUS MARSHAL DRIFTED IN CASUALLY AFTER THAT NIGHT... BUT HE KEPT HIS EYES ON THE DEALERS AND THE ROULETTE WHEEL OPERATOR...



WILD BILL STAYED AT THE WHEEL FOR AN HOUR, AND STILL THE HOUSE WON WITH MONOTONOUS REGULARITY! THERE WAS A BIG PLAY BECAUSE THE PLAYERS TRUSTED THE MARSHAL...

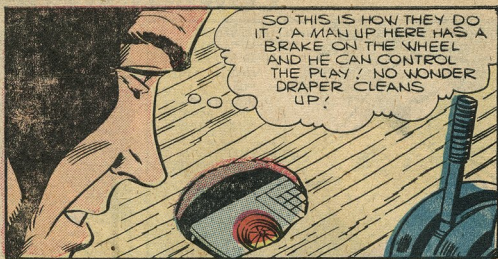
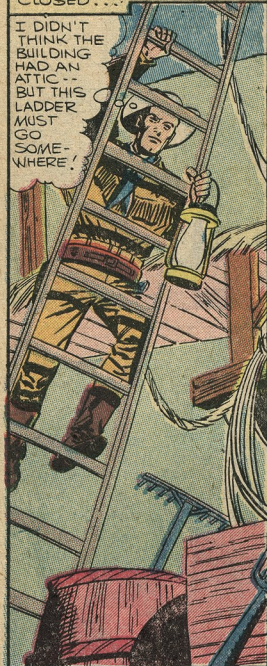




# COWBOY WESTERN

EVERY GAME IN TOWN WAS CROOKED -- AND MARSHAL HICKOK HAD TO PROVE IT! WHEN THE CASINO WAS CLOSED...

I DIDN'T THINK THE BUILDING HAD AN ATTIC -- BUT THIS LADDER MUST GO SOMEWHERE!



SO THIS IS HOW THEY DO IT! A MAN UP HERE HAS A BRAKE ON THE WHEEL AND HE CAN CONTROL THE PLAY! NO WONDER DRAPER CLEANS UP!

HICKOK PUT IN A BUSY DAY! HE SAW THE BOY WHO'D LOST HIS BANKROLL, THEN MADE A SECOND STOP...

JUST GO IN AND PLAY THE ROULETTE WHEEL! YOU CAN PAY ME BACK LATER!

BLESS YOU, MARSHAL! I'M OFF GAMBLING BUT I'LL DO AS YOU SAY!

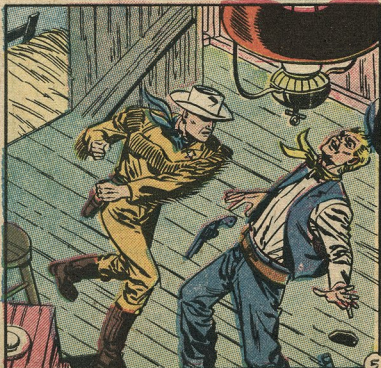


YOU STILL HAUNTING MY PLACE, MARSHAL? WHAT'S YOUR PLAY?

LET'S SAY I JUST CAME IN TO GET WARM! DON'T CROWD ME, DRAPER!

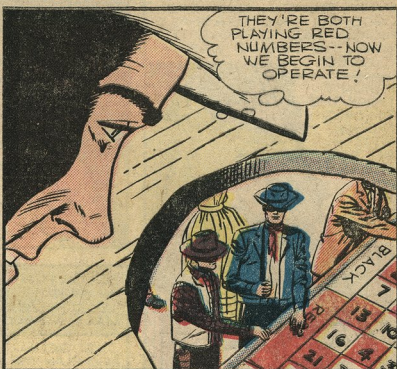


IF I CAN MAKE IT WITHOUT BEING SEEN, I'LL SUCCEED! THE ROULETTE WHEEL IS GOING TO SPIN A DIFFERENT TUNE TONIGHT!





# COWBOY WESTERN



YOUNG MALLEN AND THE MAN WHO HICKOK HAD STAKED CONTINUED TO WIN! BEFORE DRAPER LEARNED OF IT, IT WAS TOO LATE...





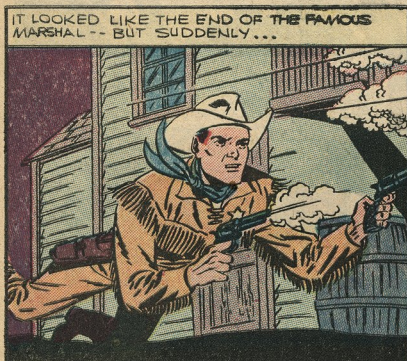
# COWBOY WESTERN



YOU WON'T BE AROUND  
TO USE WHAT YUH KNOW,  
HICKOK! GET OUT  
THE BACK WAY!



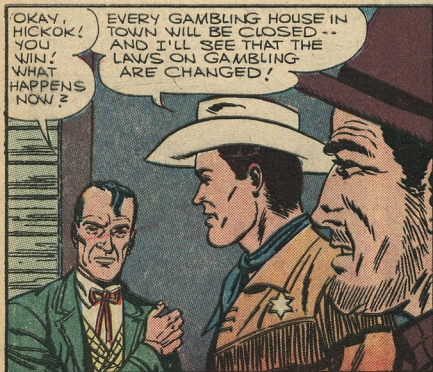
I KNOW YOU'RE FAST,  
BUT YOU CAN'T BEAT  
US THIS TIME! GET  
'IM, BOYS!



IT LOOKED LIKE THE END OF THE FAMOUS  
MARSHAL -- BUT SUDDENLY...



WE'RE WITH YUH, MARSHAL!  
WE THOUGHT THEY'D TRY  
THIS!



OKAY,  
HICKOK!  
YOU  
WIN!  
WHAT  
HAPPENS  
NOW?

EVERY GAMBLING HOUSE IN  
TOWN WILL BE CLOSED --  
AND I'LL SEE THAT THE  
LAWS ON GAMBLING  
ARE CHANGED!



THE PUBLIC DIDN'T WANT  
THINGS THE WAY THEY  
WERE -- BUT YOUR  
MONEY AND HIRED  
THUGS KEPT IT THAT  
WAY! FROM  
NOW ON,  
THINGS  
WILL BE  
DIFFERENT!

END

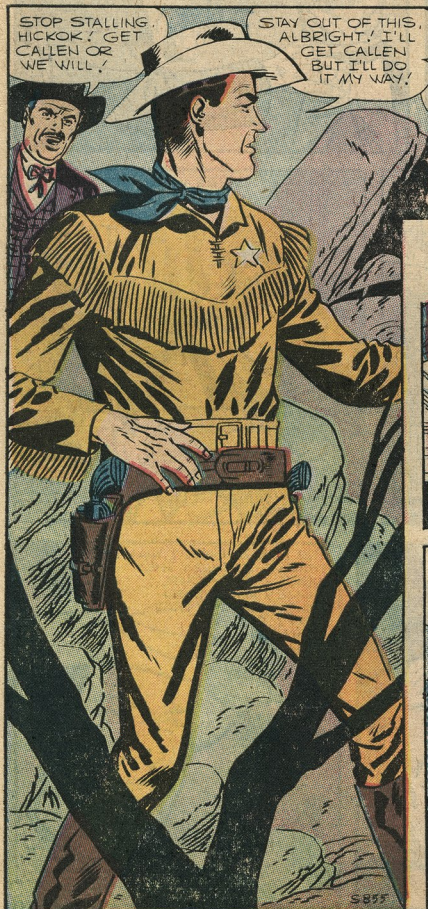


# COWBOY WESTERN

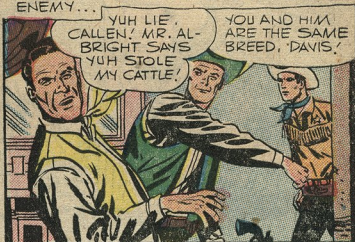
# Wild Bill Hickok and Jingles

## in TAINTED REWARD

THEY HAD TOUGH TONY CALLEN TAGGED AS A KILLER... A QUICK TEMPERED, QUICK-ON-THE-TRIGGER GUNMAN WHO BLASTED ANYONE WHO GOT IN HIS WAY! IT ONLY REMAINED FOR J. P. ALBRIGHT AND THE POWERFUL CITIZEN'S COMMITTEE TO PUT A REWARD ON HIS HEAD... AND FOR MARSHAL WILD BILL HICKOK TO GO AFTER HIM!

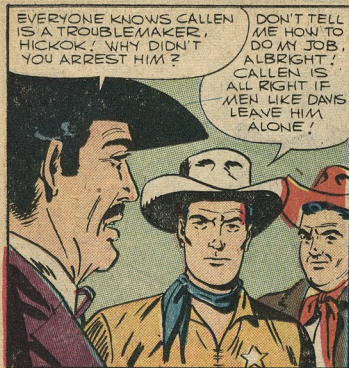


TONY CALLEN, THE OWNER OF A SMALL RANCH ON BLACK RIVER, WORKED HARD. HE WAS A GOOD FRIEND AND A BAD ENEMY...

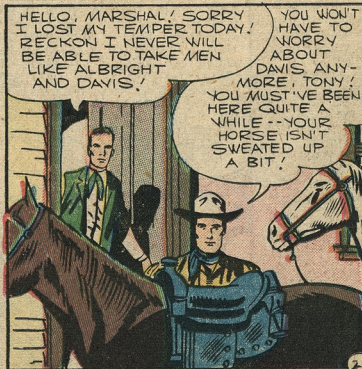
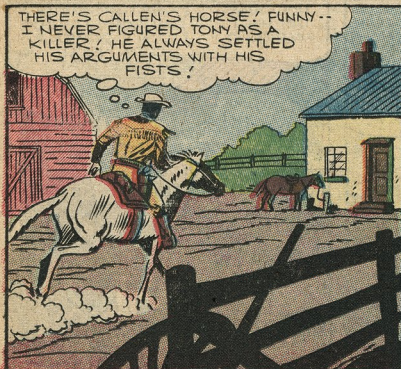
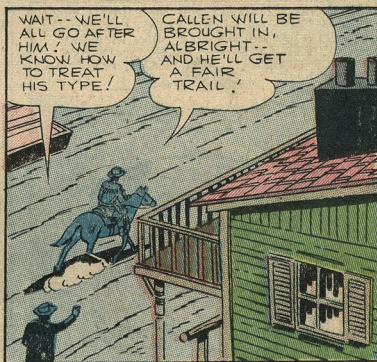




# COWBOY WESTERN

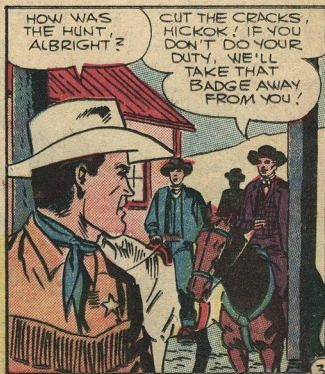
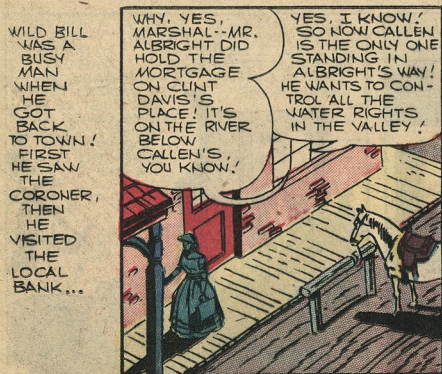
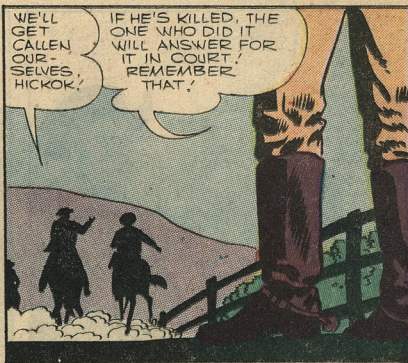
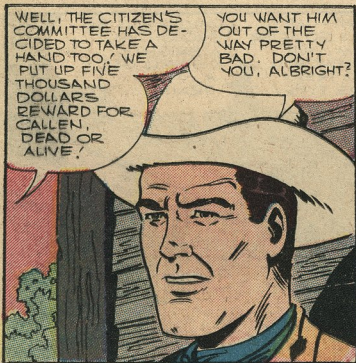


TWENTY MINUTES LATER, THERE'D BEEN ONE OMINOUS GUN - SHOT, AND WILD BILL RAN FROM HIS OFFICE TO THE STREET...





# COWBOY WESTERN

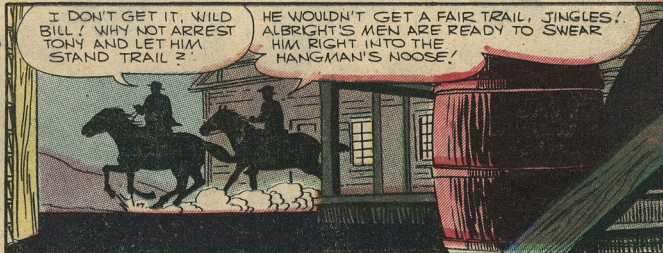




# COWBOY WESTERN



J. P. ALBRIGHT HAD A LOT OF INFLUENCE, WILD BILL KNEW... ENOUGH TO TURN THE TOWN AGAINST HIM IF THE DAVIS KILLING WASN'T SOLVED...





# COWBOY WESTERN



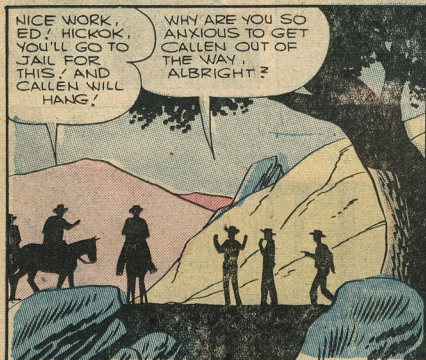
ALBRIGHT'S TRYING TO  
FRAME YOU FOR DAVIS'  
MURDER, TONY!

WE'VE BEEN  
FOLLOWED,  
BILL!



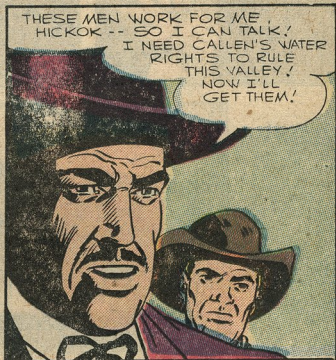
I'LL KEEP IN  
TOUCH WITH  
YOU, BILL!  
WHA...

YEAH--YOU'LL HAVE  
COZY CELLS NEXT  
TO EACH OTHER!



NICE WORK,  
ED! HICKOK,  
YOU'LL GO TO  
JAIL FOR  
THIS! AND  
CALLEN WILL  
HANG!

WHY ARE YOU SO  
ANXIOUS TO GET  
CALLEN OUT OF  
THE WAY,  
ALBRIGHT?



THESE MEN WORK FOR ME,  
HICKOK-- SO I CAN TALK!  
I NEED CALLEN'S WATER  
RIGHTS TO RULE  
THIS VALLEY!  
NOW I'LL  
GET THEM!



ALL RIGHT, LET'S  
FINISH IT!

HOLD IT, MISTER!  
I'M STILL THE  
MARSHAL!

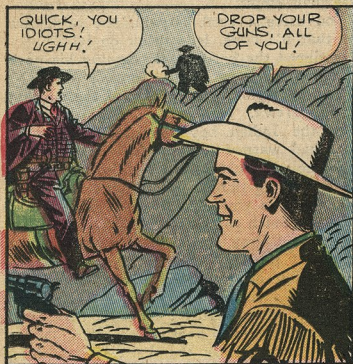


THAT'S ENOUGH, HERO!  
TRY THAT AGAIN AND  
YOU'RE THROUGH!

PUT AWAY THE  
ROPE--I JUST  
HAD AN IDEA!  
WE'LL USE GUNS!  
MAKE IT LOOK LIKE  
THE TWO OF THEM  
SHOT IT OUT AND  
BOTH LOST!



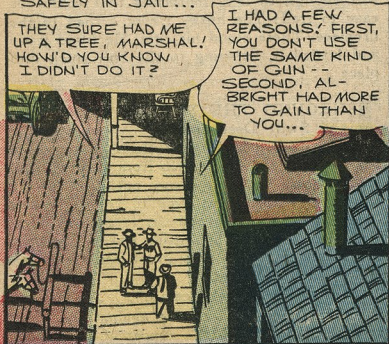
# COWBOY WESTERN



MARSHAL HICKOK AND HIS DEPUTY QUICKLY ROUNDED UP ALBRIGHT'S HIRED GUN-SLINGERS! AND THEY WERE ALL EAGER TO TALK ...



LATER, AFTER ALBRIGHT AND HIS MEN WERE SAFELY IN JAIL ...

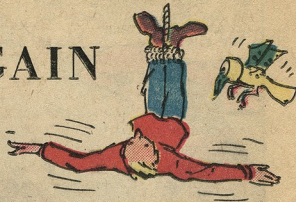


END





# HARD BARGAIN



**T**HE BEAUTIFUL FURS lay on the rough-hewn table in the trader's cabin. Marten and fox they were, and otter and muskrat. It had taken Gray Hawk and his friend Swift Deer many moons to trap them! They were worth much.

But the big white man, Trader Hansen, rubbed his grizzled jaw and looked at them doubtfully.

"They're in bad shape," he said. "I don't know whether I even want them."

The son of the Otapi chief did not change his expression, but his voice was hot! "They were trapped during the moons of the long night! The pelts are thick and rich. They are worth much!" Beside him, Swift Deer nodded his bronze head in agreement. Both boys waited.

The trader's grimy hands explored the furs again.

He looked up, tiny eyes cunning.

"Well," he said, "you've come a long way. I'll take them off your hands for a favor. What do you want for them?" He pointed at the wall of the cabin. There were bolts of colorful cloth, heavy metal traps, gleaming knives, strung beads of many hues, and sleek, Springfield rifles. All were part of his trading stock.

Gray Hawk and his friend had spoken of this before they made the long trek to the trader's cabin on the bank of the Po-Wa-No. They knew what they wanted. Gray Hawk pointed at the rifles. "We each want one of those for hunting! And we want knives that gleam. And for our mothers . . . red cloth!"

Trader Hansen grinned, but there was no amusement in his eyes. Stubby fingers explored his wrinkled jaw.

"You don't want much, do you? Tell you what! I'll give you the cloth and the knives. But only one of the Springfields. That's all your furs are worth!"

The Indian boys shook their heads stubbornly. They knew the value of their pelts. "No," said Gray Hawk. "Two rifles—and ammunition—or we do not trade with you!" They waited. The hulking white man began to curse angrily. Then, suddenly, he stopped. A strange expression flickered through his eyes.

"All right, boys," he said. "Two rifles it is—and ammunition!"

Slowly, he rolled out bolts of cloth and knives. Then he took two rifles down from the wall racks, and showed the Otapi youths how the action worked. He gave them canisters of ammunition. Then he smiled again, and reached up on a wall shelf for a bottle that waited there, half empty.

"You drive a hard bargain," he said, "but now that it's done, let's drink on it!"

He tipped the bottle back, craning his neck, and drank long and hard.

Then, eyes gleaming, he offered the whiskey to Gray Hawk.

But the Indian boy shook his head. His father had warned him of the effects of fire water—how it could make a man lose his senses and do strange things. Gray Hawk and Swift Deer had each vowed to themselves that they would not touch the poison.

"No," said Gray Hawk. "But a bargain is a bargain. It is well."

Gracefully, he and Swift Deer shifted the packs onto their slender young backs. Then, making the Otapi sign for farewell, they went out through the open door of the cabin. Trader Hansen stood, tall in the doorway, watching them disappear through the forest. A light rain was falling. It would make the ground soft—soft enough to take footprints that would be easy to trail! The husky trader turned to the fireplace. There stood his rifle. He lifted it up and loaded it, listening to the bolt snick into place . . .

**T**HROUGH THE FOREST, Gray Hawk and Swift Deer paced.

Three days it had taken them to arrive at the banks of the Po-Wa-No from their village, loaded down by their heavy packs of fur. It should take them less time to return. When darkness began to shroud the forest corridors, Gray Hawk raised his hand. Ahead, between the sprawling roots of a great oak tree, was a dry, sheltered spot.

"Here we will make camp!"

Building a small campfire against the huge tree, the boys munched a supper of pemmican.



Then suddenly Gray Hawk's sinewy hand reached out and gripped his friend's arm. "Do you hear that?" he whispered "A crackling—as of twigs in the forest!" Both boys listened for a moment. Then the son of the chief caught Swift Deer's shoulders and pulled him violently down toward the ground.

At the same moment a rifle cracked from the forest—and a high-powered bullet whined through the air over the heads of the Indian boys!

"We are attacked," husked Gray Hawk. "Quick! Our rifles . . ."

**B**EHIND the cover of the oak root, they clutched the rifles they had gotten from the trader. Rapidly, Gray Hawk drew cartridges from the canister the trader had given them. He tried to load the guns—but the shells jammed. They would not enter the chamber. They were not the right caliber! They were too large!

"Too large . . ." muttered Swift Deer. "Trader Hansen gave us bullets that would not fit."

Gray Hawk slammed an angry hand against the moist turf.

"It was his purpose," he gritted, "so we could not protect ourselves. And he has come upon us now with *his* rifle to slay us and take back the goods he gave us. *This* is the trader's bargain!" For a moment the boys lay still. The night had a thousand sounds. A thousand enemies lurked in its shadows.

"Then we are trapped," whispered Swift Deer. "How can we combat his rifle . . . with our hands?"

"With our cunning!" returned Gray Hawk. "Swift Deer, do you have your braided lariat?"

The other boy nodded and unwound the strong leather lariat from his waist. Gray Hawk took it and gripped his friend's shoulder. "I am going into the forest," he husked. "If I do not return within the rising of the moon, save yourself. Creep into the forest yourself, and flee!"

Stealthily, scarcely moving an inch at a time, Gray Hawk wriggled out past the oak root. There was no shot. Blending into the night, he moved forward, silent as a creature of the wild. Soon he could not be seen at all.

Swift Deer waited, hand on the cool blade of his knife.

A light, misty rain was still falling, cutting thin slants across the firelight. Moments passed. An owl hooted. There was a scurrying in the nearby bushes. Then nothing. Still Swift Deer lay still, waiting. Then, when it seemed that he must surely go, a dark figure suddenly loomed up beside him. It was Gray Hawk again!

"What happened?" Swift Deer asked eagerly. Gray Hawk chuckled. "Nothing—yet!" he said. "But I found where Trader Hansen was waiting, and the trail he must follow to come upon us. I left him a little surprise!"

Now they lay completely still. The ruthless trader was all-confident. His ruse had worked. The boys had guns that were of no use to them. How could they protect themselves against his rifle? He crept slowly toward their hiding place.

Bang!

There was a rifle shot in the night, and a wild, cry of surprise.

"That is it!" exclaimed Gray Hawk. He clutched his knife. "Quick! Follow me!"

Together the two boys ran through the forest. As they passed between two sturdy beech trees, Swift Deer gasped in surprise.

For there— from a still-quivering tree— was Trader Hansen. His ankle was securely caught by the leather lariat, fashioned into a cunning noose! Gray Hawk's trap had worked! The trader's rifle lay upon the ground where it had fallen and gone off!

Gray Hawk stepped slowly up to the trader, and crouched beside him.

"You gave us cartridges that would not fit—and then followed us—to rob and kill us!" he said. "Is that right?"

The trader gasped, his face purple. "Not to kill you," he said. "I—I just wanted to get back the rifles! Cut me down!"

Gray Hawk felt through the trader's pockets. He took all his ammunition from him. The bullets fitted into the Indian boys' Springfield rifles. Thoroughly, he searched Hansen, to make sure he had no bullets left—even in his gun. Then the son of the chief stepped back.

"You are a bad man, Hansen," he said. "White or red, we have learned, a man can be bad or good . . . and you are bad. But we will not kill you. Instead, we will leave you here, without bullets. You will not follow us!"

. . . and never again will you try to cheat an Indian youth!"

THE END





# Wild Bill Hickok

AND

# Jingles

in **ALIAS**, the **MAYOR**

MAYOR PAUL BROPHY TRIED TO RUN A 'CLEAN TOWN-- WITH MARSHAL WILD BILL HICKOK, HE KEPT CRIME DOWN AND GAVE THE CITIZENS AN HONEST ADMINISTRATION.' BUT THEN THE FAMOUS MARSHAL NOTICED A GRADUAL CHANGE IN THE MAYOR-- A CHANGE WILD BILL DIDN'T LIKE...



BEFORE SLIP HARRIS AND HIS HENCHMEN CAME TO TOWN, WILD BILL HICKOK HAD THE HIGHEST RESPECT FOR MAYOR BROPHY...





# COWBOY WESTERN

AND THEN THE HARRIS GANG HIT TOWN... WILD BILL INTRODUCED HIMSELF THE SAME DAY THEY ARRIVED...



I'M MARSHAL HICKOK, YOU MEN LOOKING FOR WORK AROUND HERE?

IF WE ARE, WE WON'T NEED YOUR HELP, I THOUGHT I'D STOP BY AND SEE MY OLD PAL, MAYOR BROPHY!



HEY, PAUL--DON'T YOU REMEMBER OLD FRIENDS? FROM DOWN TULSA WAY?

HARRIS, WHAT ARE... WHAT DO YOU WANT?



THIS MAN BOTHERING YOU MAYOR? HE LOOKS LIKE A HARD CASE!

NO--NO! HE'S AN OLD FRIEND! LET'S GO TO MY OFFICE AND TALK, HARRIS!

THE CHANGE IN MAYOR BROPHY STARTED THEN, MARSHAL HICKOK KNEW THE GANG WAS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LAW, BUT HE WAS HELP-LESS...



I SAW THAT, HARRIS, YOU'VE BEEN CHEAT-UGH!

YUH'LL GET IN TROUBLE, PEOPLE LIKE THAT!



YOU NEEDED HIM INTO THAT, HARRIS!



YOU GONNA LET HIM BAT ME AROUND YOUR HONOR! REMEMBER, I COULD MAKE A LOT OF TROUBLE.

ALL RIGHT, HARRIS, MARSHAL, I'LL HAVE YOUR BADGE IF YOU MOLEST THIS MAN OR HIS FRIENDS AGAIN!



# COWBOY WESTERN



WHAT'S THE MATTER, PAUL? WHAT HAVE THESE MEN GOT ON YOU?

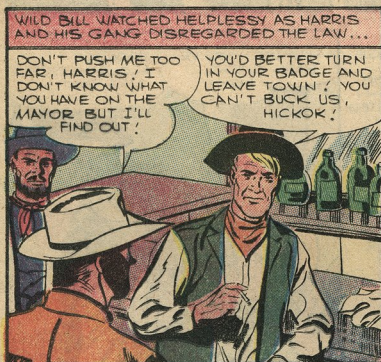
MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, HICKOK! AND LEAVE THOSE MEN ALONE!

PAUL BROPHY HAD PROSPERED BUT SUDDENLY HE SEEMED TO BE ALWAYS SHORT OF CASH... AND HARRIS AND HIS GANG WERE IN THE CHIPS...



THIS IS BUSINESS, SIR! HAS PAUL BROPHY BEEN WITHDRAWING MONEY IN LARGE AMOUNTS?

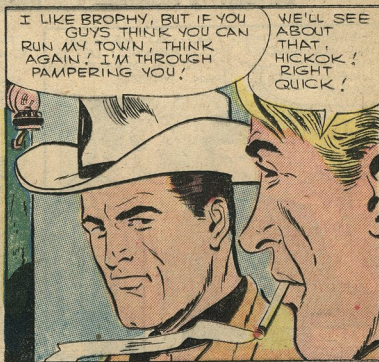
A THOUSAND A WEEK--SOMETIMES MORE! MATTER OF FACT, THE BANK JUST LOANED HIM SOME MONEY!



WILD BILL WATCHED HELPLESSLY AS HARRIS AND HIS GANG DISREGARDED THE LAW...

DON'T PUSH ME TOO FAR, HARRIS. I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE ON THE MAYOR BUT I'LL FIND OUT!

YOU'D BETTER TURN IN YOUR BADGE AND LEAVE TOWN! YOU CAN'T BUCK US, HICKOK!



I LIKE BROPHY, BUT IF YOU GUYS THINK YOU CAN RUN MY TOWN, THINK AGAIN! I'M THROUGH PAMPERING YOU!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, HICKOK! RIGHT QUICK!



TWO HOURS LATER... A FUSILADE OF .45'S BROUGHT WILD BILL OUT OF HIS OFFICE...

THAT GANG HELD UP THE GENERAL STORE!

THEY WON'T GET FAR!



LET 'EM GO, BILL! YUH CAN'T CATCH 'EM!

I KNOW, JINGLES, BUT I WANT TO SEE WHICH WAY THEY GO!



# COWBOY WESTERN

WILD BILL FOLLOWED THE TRACKS -- AND DISCOVERED THEY TURNED BACK TO TOWN! LATER...

ALL RIGHT, BOYS -- DROP YOUR GUNS! I CAN PROVE THE JOB ON YOU BOYS THIS TIME!

BUT YOU WON'T, HICKOK! WE WERE WITH THE MAYOR WHEN IT HAPPENED!

DON'T BELIEVE HIM, BILL! THEY DID IT! I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS NOW!

YOU ASKED FOR IT, BROPHY! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS, HICKOK!

HARRIS KNEW I SHOT ELLIS! I DID IT IN SELF DEFENSE! THEY CALLED IT MURDER! I LEFT TULSA BEFORE I KNEW! THEN HARRIS ARRIVED AND SHOWED ME THAT WANTED CIRCULAR!

**WANTED**  
PAUL BROPHY  
FOR MURDER OF  
SKEET ELLIS

I FIGURED SOMETHING LIKE THAT AND CHECKED, PAUL! YOU DIDN'T KILL ELLIS! AS A MATTER OF FACT, HE'S RIGHT HERE!

WHY, YOU SNEAKIN'...

YEOWWW!

HERE'S THE MAN YOU THOUGHT YOU KILLED! HARRIS KNEW YOU WERE DOING WELL HERE AND FRAMED YOU! YOUR 'VICTIM' GREW CHIN WHISKERS AND YOU DIDN'T KNOW HIM!

YOU SAVED MY LIFE, BILL! I'LL NEVER FORGET THIS!



# COWBOY WESTERN

# Jingles

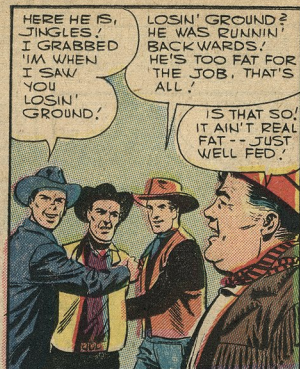
AND

# Wild Bill Hickok

in

## THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE

EVERY CITY OFFICIAL IS SUBJECT TO CRITICISM -- BUT JINGLES FELT IT WAS A LOW BLOW WHEN THE CITIZENS BEGAN TALKING ABOUT HIS WAISTLINE, AND WHETHER OR NOT THE SLIGHT PAUNCH MIGHT INTERFERE WITH HIS DUTIES ...



BUT JINGLES KNEW, IF THE TALK KEPT UP, HE'D BE OUT OF A JOB...

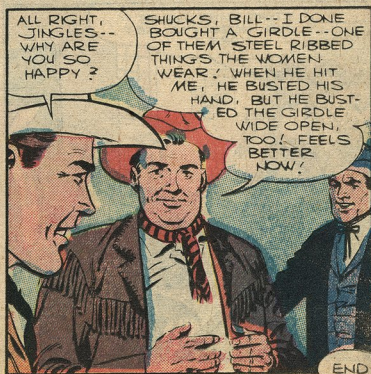
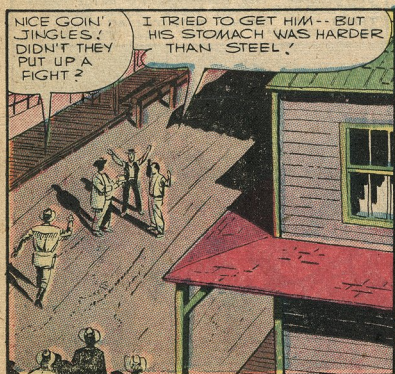


FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER ...





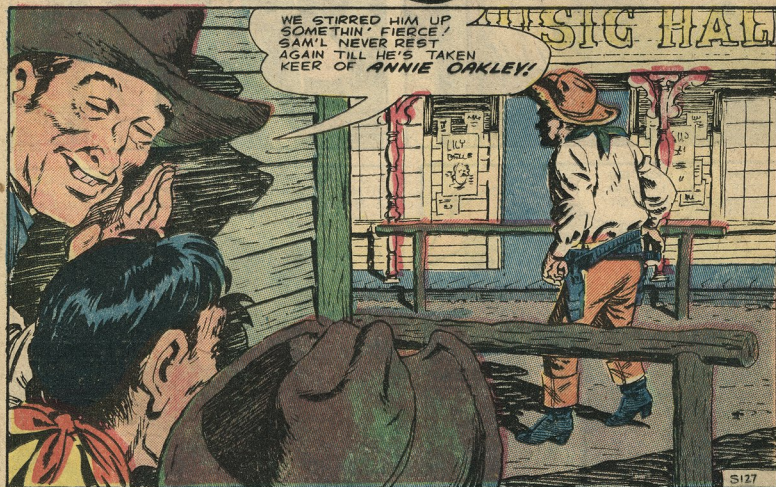
# COWBOY WESTERN





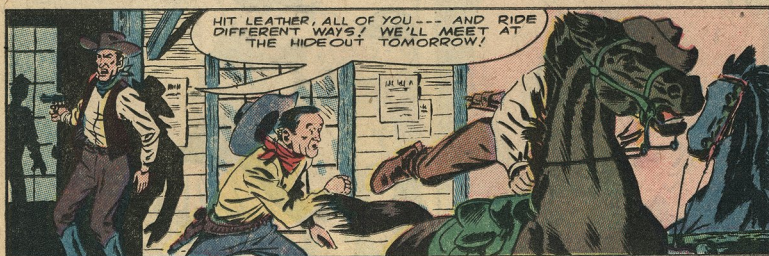
The man  
who  
hated...

# Annie Oakley





# COWBOY WESTERN

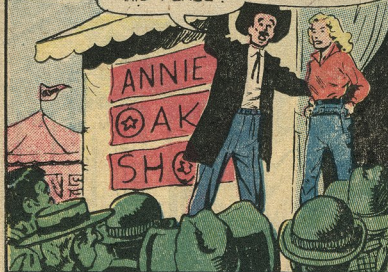




# COWBOY WESTERN

A WEEK LATER, AT UNION CITY....

HERE SHE IS, FOLKS... **ANNIE OAKLEY** IN PERSON!! IF ANY MAN IN THE CROWD THINKS HE CAN OUT-SHOOT THE LITTLE LADY, LET HIM STEP UP HERE RIGHT NOW!! OR FOREVER HOLD HIS PEACE!



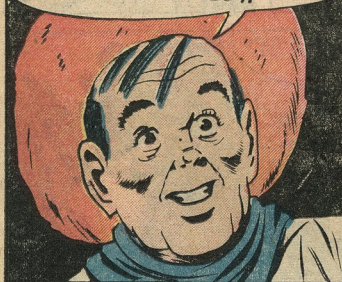
GO AHEAD, SAM-- YOU CAN SHOOT THE EYE OUT OF A MOSQUITO AT A HUNDRED PACES!

SURE, SAM--- YOU'RE THE MAN TO TAKE ANNIE ON!

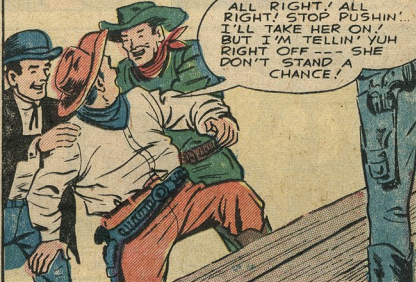
SHUCKS....



WOULDN'T BE FAIR NO HOW--- AMN'T NEVER HEARD TELL OF A FEMALE THAT COULD SQUEEZE TRIGGER WITHOUT FLINCHIN'! ONLY THING FEMALES ARE GOOD FER IS FER--- YUM--YUM-YUM! BAKIN' APPLE CAKES!!



**SAM SIMSON** WAS HIS NAME... SAM WASN'T TOO SURE OF HIMSELF WHEN IT CAME TO DEEP THINKING... BUT THERE WERE TWO THINGS NOBODY IN UNION CITY COULD BEAT HIM AT... AND THOSE WERE **SHOOTING** AND **EATING APPLE CAKES**... AND NOW



ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! STOP PUSHIN'! I'LL TAKE HER ON, BUT I'M TELLIN' YUH RIGHT OFF --- SHE DON'T STAND A CHANCE!

SAM SHOT FIRST... **SIX SILVER DOLLARS** WERE THROWN UP INTO THE AIR... AND SAM NICKED EVERY ONE OF THEM....



WHEN!-- LET'S SEE **ANNIE OAKLEY** BEAT THAT!

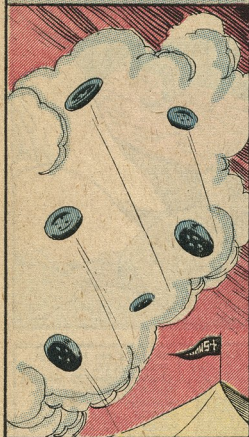
HMMM-- THOSE SILVER DOLLARS MAKE MIGHTY BIG TARGETS... MIND IF I SLIP THESE BUTTONS OFF? I'LL USE THEM TO SHOOT AT!





# COWBOY WESTERN

NOBODY BREATHED AS THOSE SMALL BUTTONS WENT SPINNING UP INTO THE AIR....



THEY WERE STILL HOLDING THEIR BREATH WHILE ANNIE WAS CALMLY SQUEEZING THE TRIGGER.....



AND THEN.....

VIPPEE! WHAT SHOOTING! SHE DRILLED EVERY ONE OF THEM!

NOW LET'S SEE WHAT SAM CAN DO WITH THEM AS HIS TARGET!



POOR SAM WAS WHITE-FACED NOW. HIS BIG HANDS WERE SHAKING AS THE BUTTONS SPUN UP INTO THE AIR AGAIN....



AND WHEN THE ECHO OF HIS LAST SHOT HAD DIED AWAY.....

SAM ONLY NICKED TWO OF THEM!

HEE-HO-HAW!... LOOKS LIKE ANNIE'S ONE FEMALE WHO'S GOOD FOR MORE THAN JUST BAKING APPLE CAKES, SAM!



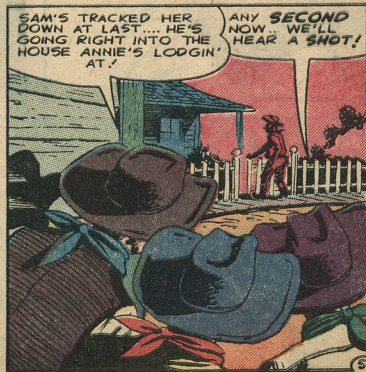
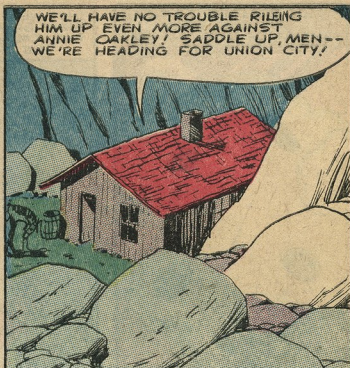
POOR SAM... HE'S TAKING IT HARD--- ONLY THING HE EVER HAD TO BE PROUD OF WAS THE WAY HE COULD SHOOT!

TELL ME MORE ABOUT, SAM... MAYBE THERE'S SOME WAY I CAN MAKE HIM FEEL BETTER!



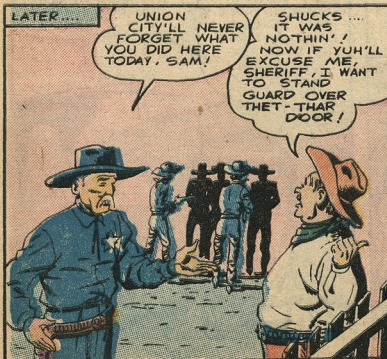
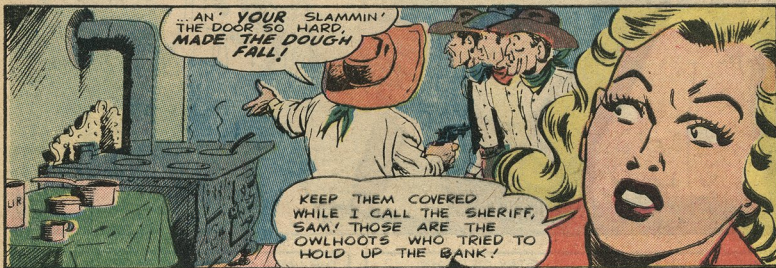
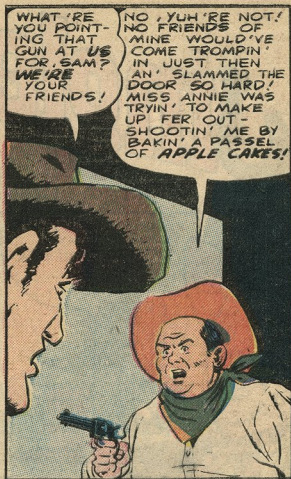


# COWBOY WESTERN





# COWBOY WESTERN

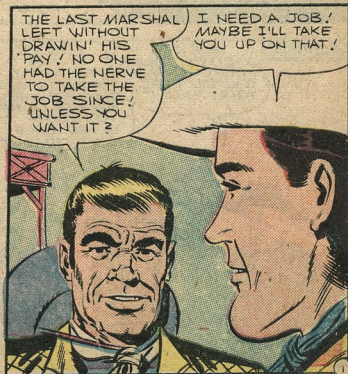




# COWBOY WESTERN

## Jingles AND Wild Bill Hickok in 'THE DARE'

DEAD END WAS A PROSPEROUS COW-TOWN THAT SHOULD HAVE HAD A FUTURE... BUT WAS "RUN DRY" FROM THE RIFFRAFF WHO DRIFTED THERE FOR IMMUNITY FROM THE LAW! FOR WILD BILL HICKOK AND JINGLES IT WAS JUST A PLACE TO EAT AND REST... AT FIRST!





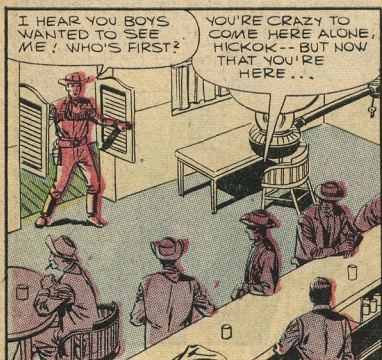
# COWBOY WESTERN



THE  
WORD  
SPREAD  
FAST...  
DEAD  
END  
HAD  
A  
NEW  
MARSHAL!  
EVERY  
HARDCASE  
IN TOWN  
BEGAN  
CHECKING  
HIS  
GUNS --  
EAGER  
FOR THE  
FIRST  
CRACK  
AT  
HIM...



NOT IF I SEE HIM FIRST,  
REESE, ONE OF THE  
OTHER BOYS'LL GET  
HIM IF I DON'T!



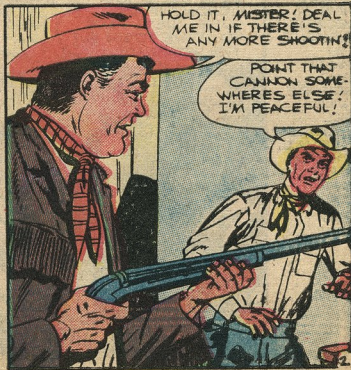
YOU'RE CRAZY TO  
COME HERE ALONE,  
HICKOK -- BUT NOW  
THAT YOU'RE  
HERE...



... I RECKON I'LL  
COLLECT YORE  
SCALP! DRAW!



YOU'LL LIMP FOR  
A WHILE,  
MISTER! WHO'S  
NEXT?

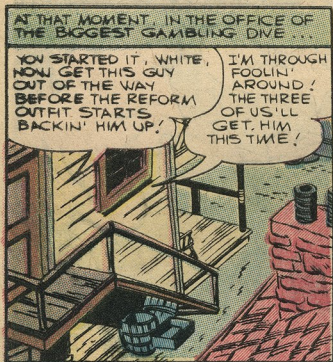
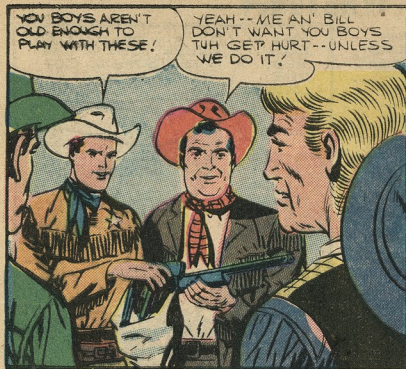


HOLD IT, MISTER! DEAL  
ME IN IF THERE'S  
ANY MORE SHOOTIN'!

POINT THAT  
CANNON  
WHERE'S ELSE!  
I'M PEACEFUL!



# COWBOY WESTERN

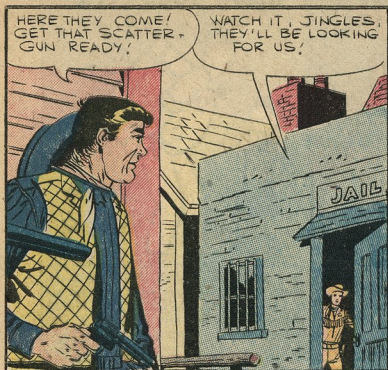


THERE WAS A DECENT ELEMENT IN DEAD END... BEFORE WILD BILL BECAME MARSHAL. THEY'D HAD NO LEADER-- BUT NOW...

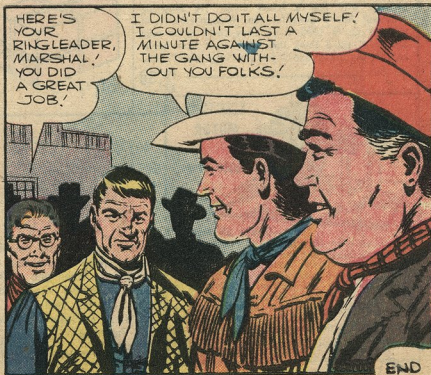
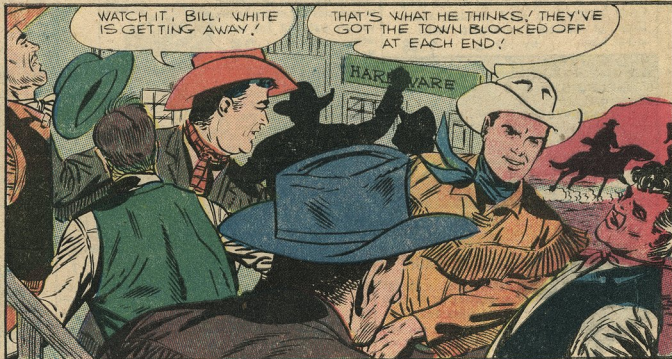




# COWBOY WESTERN



THE TOWN ERUPTED IN A ROAR OF GUNFIRE... THE HONEST CITIZENS WERE FINALLY GOADED INTO FIGHTING BACK AGAINST THE GUNSLINGING RIFF-RAFF WHO HAD DOMINATED THEM SO LONG...





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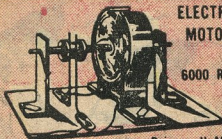
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**FREE Membership in FUNman's Fun Club EXTRA!** Sell mottos and send payment within 15 days, and I'll give you free a year's Membership in the FUNman's Fun Club. Membership card, certificate, secret code, giant packet of fun materials all yours—plus extra surprises!

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Please rush to me on 15 days credit 24 Religious Wall Mottos, to sell at 35¢ each. Also include big Prize Catalog FREE. I will remit amount required as explained in BIG PRIZE CATALOG within 30 days and select the prize. I want or keep a cash commission as explained. INCLUDE DETAILS OF HOW I MAY WIN THE EXTRA BIG PRIZES.

**SEND NO MONEY—We Trust You!**

The FUNman, Dept. L-109, 5726 N. Broadway, Chicago 40, Illinois

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